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And graced with the brightness of the golden dower,
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Thy tips shall be pressed by the roses in delight,
And caresses sweet shall be murmured along,
And love for thee breathed in conjugal song—
O Zion, so golden! O city so pure!
Thy beauty and brightness, what heart can endure!
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And vanquished I fall to offer thy praise,
And conquered, exhausted, I seek to escape.
Fair Zion! thy halls are resounding with song,
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And there is the sound of the song and the feast,
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Still each thy realm and thy glory they praise.
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For my flesh in a car, and earthward must keep,
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But by my merits I ask for thy breath,
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Yet in hope will I walk along my lone way,
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Unceasingly will seek, though blindly I grope,
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In light he created, in light he sustains,
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JEWELL'S PATIENCE.—In Manchester, N. H., a little fellow, just past his first decade, started into his father's office a few days ago, and said to one of the clerks, "I shall get my company full pretty soon; I have sworn in three to-day." "Sworn in?" "I made the clerk, 'how did you do it?'" "I made them hold up their hands and say 'Glory to God,'" said the impatient clerk.

A six-year-old Boston boy, who had become deeply imbued with the martial spirit, undertook to act as commander of a distinctive company in a New Hampshire town, where he was spending his vacation. He was called "astonished the natives" by the following order given in a very excited tone: "Company! Enemy's coming!—Forward march!—Amen!"

A western paper says:—"Wanted, at this office, an editor who can plant his feet on the ground, and a man who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

The following notice appeared on the west end of a country meeting house: "Anybody stirring the choir against this church, will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

THE LIGHT OF A CHERUB FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men, is like the sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sunniest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat joyful speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen glances and pensive despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thistles. All comes to us as providentially as good—and is good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blot it, its cheerfulness? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by pessimism and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sadness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the thought that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death rob us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are gone before to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your counselor in solitude, your passport and commendation in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never really cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy and a pure heart.

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Commercial Advertiser.

Luna Patria Celestis.
The following is a part of a translation of an old Latin poem, which we find in the *Independent*. The original was written by Bernard, Abbot of Clugni, in the twelfth century. The whole poem, "De Contemptu Mundi," is of great length. This part reminds us of the old hymn, "O Mother dear, Jerusalem."
O day without time, O sea without shore,
O sweet fountain flowing with wine evermore,
The waters of life come gushing along,
From thy wells, which are set in the rock of living stone.
Fair field! bedecked with the lavender's best flower,
And graced with the brightness of the golden dower,
In meadows of bliss and garments of gold in delight,
Thy tips shall be pressed by the roses in delight,
And caresses sweet shall be murmured along,
And love for thee breathed in conjugal song—
O Zion, so golden! O city so pure!
Thy beauty and brightness, what heart can endure!
I know not, I know not, the joy and the light
Which from thy grand portals will burst on my sight,
And vanquished I fall to offer thy praise,
And conquered, exhausted, I seek to escape.
Fair Zion! thy halls are resounding with song,
Full, full of the peace of the martyred throng,
Bright bands of the blessed, their Prince stands before,
And amidst the city with blossoms in flower,
Their pastures are flowing in unending spring,
And there is the throne of the Lamb and the King,
And there is the sound of the song and the feast,
And there are the saints in the robes of the priest,
And there in our Zion, in calm, holy seats,
A leader, in splendor, his loved people meets.
When seen, those unfaded, O city renowned,
To the eyes of the soul thy blessings profound,
But the light deep within me, the edge of the mind,
Above which on earth thy blessings can find,
Still all hearts burn with hope as they gaze,
Still each thy realm and thy glory they praise.
O mansion unseen, O Zion so dear,
For thee spreads the joy, for myself flows the tear,
For my flesh in a car, and earthward must keep,
Far, far from thee, O city, O city so dear,
O city eternal, built on the shore,
Thy walls and thy towers shine white evermore,
Long hallowed thy splendours, fair city of peace,
When time and its tumults, when shades of shade cease,
I seek thee and cherish, I mourn and I long,
For thy beauties, which kindle yet baffle my song,
But by my merits I ask for thy breath,
For by my merits I strive to be dead,
Yet in hope will I walk along my lone way,
And demand thy rewards by night and by day,
Unceasingly will seek, though blindly I grope,
Thy rewards everlasting in faith and in hope.
For my Father, the best and the highest, one,
Created in light his new world sun,
In light he created, in light he sustains,
And in light yet will walk my sins and my pains;
And the fountain of life, which flows from his side,
Still speeding and darting to its shoreless end,
All-blessed and cleansing wherever it flows,
And the vessel of earth shall be washed by its waves.

VARIETY.

The first human sin was improper indulgence in eating, and it has been one of the chief sins ever since.
Ladies, don't raise your voices. Your tones are naturally several octaves higher than ours.
Any merchant may make his house a *customer* house by greater to support good.
Some minds will always be slower than you cut them to the quick.
The youth of friendship is better than its old age.
What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? One faces the powder, the other powders the face.
No man can ever purchase his virtue too dear; for it is the only thing whose value must ever increase in price which we pay for it.
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